

Coffee by trashmouthtozixr

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Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Angst, Bev and Eddie are bffs, Caffeine Addiction, Cheating, Cussing, Diary/Journal, Drama, F/M, Flashbacks, Fluff, Kinda, M/M, Maybe - Freeform, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Possible Character Death, Sad with a Happy Ending, Sonia Kaspbrak's A+ Parenting, absent richie

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Beverly Marsh/Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak & Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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Summary:

You said you loved me, that you'd never leave.

But you did.

You left me in this shitty city in our shitty apartment drinking shitty coffee at 3 am.

...

Or the one where Richie left Eddie at their shared apartment in New York City, and to not fall asleep and dream about him, Eddie drinks coffee six times a day to keep the memories away.

1. Chapter 1

Dear Journal,

Everything hurts. It's been 37 days since Richie left, and I've been awake for about 36 hours now. I'm petrified to fall asleep, I don't want to dream about him and be reminded that I can no longer see him, touch him, kiss him. I don't want to fall asleep, I can't.

*Beverly and Ben came by this weekend, they're worried. They took me out for lunch, I just ordered **Coffee** , that's all. Bev said I have to eat, but I won't. I just want my coffee, and Rich.*

His glistening, dark eyes haven't left my mind since he left. The way they'd luster in the sun as I threw my head back and laughed at one of his deplorable jokes. He'd call me "Eds" even though he knew I loathed it and I'd smile so hard my cheeks ached. He'd laugh along, joining my vexing laugh, then I'd lean over and capture his strawberry colored lips in a sovereign kiss. We'd osculate till we were out of breath, then lay on our backs and gaze at the lustrous sky, watch the clouds and susurrate to each other what we thought each one looked like.

The thought alone makes my eyes fill with water, why did he abandon me? I was excellent to him, we were perfect for each other, we were soulmates.

Everything hurts. I don't want to fall asleep, I can't.

...

Eddie shut his journal, sighing longingly. He was starving, and tired. He stood abruptly, rushing over to his old coffee machine and starting it.

"Hurry!" the small boy shouted at the machine while he hastily tied his worn out converse.

When the coffee maker finally beeped, Eddie grabbed his to-go coffee cup and filled it. Once he added his French Vanilla creamer and sugar, he turned off the machine and grabbed his backpack and keys. He then rushed out the door of his once shared apartment, making sure to shut and lock the door.

His cab driver had already called and notified him that he was waiting outside the apartment building 10 minutes earlier. It is always better to call ahead for a cab then trying to hail one that's driving around the busy city, something Richie had taught the young boy when they'd first moved into their apartment together.

Eddie decided against taking the elevator, instead walking (more so running) down the flights of stairs. Taking the stairs two at a time, Eddie quickly got to the lobby of his apartment building and towards the big double doors.

He muttered a small "Thanks" to the middle aged woman who was kind enough to hold the heavy door open for him. Once he was outside, he breathed in the city air and spotted his cab quite quickly considering it was right in front of him. He rushed to it and got in.

"You're Eddie I reckon?" the old cab driver asked. The boy nodded and told him to drive to the college. Once the driver nodded, Eddie sighed quietly, sat back, and glanced out the window, watching the city go by.

...

"Where do you wanna go for lunch?" Beverly asked Eddie.

"There's a Starbucks up the street, we could go there?" Eddie responded, secretly hoping the red haired girl would say yes because he was so, so tired.

"Starbucks for lunch? That's a little strange," the ginger girl giggled out, "But sure, I could go for a Frappuccino right now, algebra is kicking my ass."

"They have sandwiches and salads too," Eddie manages out through his excitement.

"Oh a sandwich would be fantastic!" the older girl said while nodding quickly. Eddie laughed and started leading the way to the coffee shop.

"How are things going by the way, are you okay?" Beverly asked Eddie quietly, trying her hardest to not bring up bad memories for the still noticeably tender boy.

Eddie hummed a quiet "mhm" hoping that Beverly would take a hint and give up on trying to talk about Richie.

Luckily, she did and changed the subject to a guy she likes in her English class. Eddie, being the nice guy that he is, just listened to her go on and on about the boy's "pretty blue eyes" even though he really couldn't care less.

Hearing how pretty the boy's eyes are reminded him of when he had first actually met Richie, and how dazed he was once he made eye contact with the annoying yet so incredibly beautiful boy.

~Flashback~

"Now class, I would like you to give a warm welcome to our new student, Richie Tozier!" Mr. Watson said cheerfully, putting his hand gently on the boy's leather clad shoulder.

"Hello Richie," we all said glumly, most of us not even sparing the new boy a second glance.

"Richie you can sit next to Eddie," Mr. Watson said to the dark haired boy, my head shot up once I heard my name. I hesitantly rose my hand, so he would know who I am.

Once he saw me, he smirked and walked quickly to the desk next to me. I gulped, I knew who this boy was, and I knew *what* he was.

There's only one word that described this boy, *Trashmouth*. The word

that was soon muttered around the room after he had sat down. Richie Tozier was trouble, he isn't the type of guy you'd want to get involved with. He must've gotten kicked out of his old school, that's the rumor anyway.

The rumor is that Richie is quite the rebellious teen. He is overconfident and trash talks practically every person he came across, which explains his trashmouth rep. He also is quite the party boy, always looking to have a good time. Apparently him and his junkie friends jumped some kid at school in front of everyone, broke his nose and everything.

Richard Tozier is bad news. At least I was smart enough to know that, my mother always warned me about people like *him* .

I soon felt a tap on my shoulder, coming from the direction of said boy.

"What?" I hissed, not even bothering to look at him.

"Can I borrow a pen?" his husky voice whispered to me.

"You showed up on your first day of school without a pen?" I snorted.

"Oh I have one, I just wanted your attention." He whispered back. This time I looked over at him, immediately making eye contact. I felt every hair on my body stand up, I'd heard around the school, mainly from the stuck up popular girls, that he was gorgeous, but damn.

He looked at me in a way that left me dazed, his eyes practically punctuating straight through my soul. I gulped again, I was definitely screwed if I have to sit next to this boy for the rest of the school year.

~End of Flashback~

"I swear Eds, I'm in love." Eddie heard Beverly finish. Eddie just hummed, not wanting the girl to know he basically missed the entire conversation.

“That’s great Bev, really.” Eddie said as he opened the door to the coffee shop, making sure to hold it open for the perky girl.

“I’ll order for us if you want, what do you wanna get?” Beverly asked the smaller boy, already knowing Eddie got anxious when talking to people.

“Just get me a black coffee,” Eddie answered, handing the girl a 5 dollar bill.

Once the girl walked away Eddie decided to look for a good place to sit, settling for a cozy booth next to a large window.

Once he sat down, he pulled out his phone, not wanting to look like a total loner when the café was cluttered with his peers.

“Eddie!” Beverly whispered sharply as she sat down.

“What?” Eddie said back, putting his phone away and giving the ginger girl his full attention.

“Those two guys over there,” Beverly started, nodding her head in their direction, “the red haired one, that’s him!”

Eddie wanted to bang his head against the table.

Notes for the Chapter:

So everyone that was Chapter 1 of Coffee! I hoped you enjoyed it and that the layout isn’t too confusing.

In case it was, I’ll explain. In the beginning of every chapter there will be a journal entry from Eddie, obviously that is going to be in first person. His entries are also going to have quite lengthy words so I’m going to put a list of all the words he uses at the end of every author’s note, or if there isn’t a note then there will just be the list.

Then throughout each chapter there are going to be flashbacks to before Richie left, just little snippets

from the past. They aren't always going to be that long and since they're Eddie's memories, they're going to always be written in his point of view. Flashbacks are going to be labeled as ~Flashback~ and end with ~End of Flashback~

Lastly, the book is going to be in third person. I've decided that because it'll keep you guys guessing ;)

So there are some little details you guys might want to know, beginning with Pennywise doesn't exist in this world. Which means all of losers are alive and are in college. Also there are going to be some Stranger Things characters making appearances, they will also not have experienced all the shit that happened in the show. Lastly, Eddie is going to have quite an advanced vocabulary so the big words he says are also going to be listed along with the others.

Hope that clears some stuff up! Comment and kudos if you'd like <3

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Luster; shine, sparkle
Vexing; annoying
Deplorable; bad
Sovereign; powerful
Osculate; kiss
Lustrous; bright
Susurrate; whisper

2. Chapter 2

Dear Journal,

I fell asleep last night. I saw him.

I'm in so much pain, I just wish there was a way to turn it all off.

I wish there was a switch and the pain would just leave.

I'd rather be numb than feel like my heart has been shredded, like someone ripped it out of my chest. Leaving me a bloody, big, gaping hole where all of my love, hopes, and dreams used to be.

Maybe I shouldn't be so blunt and gory but I can't help it.

Ever since he left my mind has gone to dark places.

I have to go, I'm going out for pizza with Mike, Ben, Bev, her new boyfriend, and some of his friends. I would tell you their names but I can't remember.

Bye.

...

"Yeah I'm coming down now," Eddie said while watching the numbers on the elevator countdown.

"Okay, I'm parked across the street from your building, see you in a few," Mike said while staring at the front doors of Eddie's apartment building.

"Yep," Eddie said, then ended the call. In all honesty, the anxiety ridden boy was **not** looking forward to the little get-together. He'd much rather be curled up in Richie's favorite sweater and watch old movies like they used to do together.

But unfortunately, most of his friends think he is moving on and getting better which means he has to go out, no matter how much he loathed doing it.

...

“Eds, I’d like you to meet my boyfriend, Bill, and his friends Lucas, Max, and Stan,” Beverly said excitedly. Eddie smiled lightly at the new faces, blushing as Stan stretched out his arm, offering him his hand to shake, the fluffy haired boy quickly accepting his offer. Then, surprising the flushed boy when he leaned over and kissed his small hand.

“Lovely to meet you,” he said softly while releasing his hand a few seconds later.

“Oh, you’re very polite, that’s astonishing,” Eddie said, nodding eagerly.

“Is it?” Stan started, laughing at Eddie’s excitement, “Well thank you, love.”

...

“You really don’t have to drive me home,” Eddie managed out through his trembling state.

“It’s not an issue really, I’d feel better if I knew for certain that you got home safe,” Stan said, turning up his heater on full blast.

“It’s outlandish how immensely frigid it gets here, in California it never got like this,” Eddie stated as he glanced out the window, frowning as he saw tiny, buoyant snowflakes lightly coating Stan’s windshield.

“Welcome to New York,” Stan said sarcastically to the smaller boy. He giggled softly, then looked over at the older boy as he closely watched the street ahead.

He bashfully admired his side profile, blushing beautifully when he had turned his head and caught the boy staring. The blush soon darkening as Stan slyly winked at him.

~Flashback~

“Where are we going?” I asked, tired of watching the snow covered forest pass by outside my window.

“Now that, is a secret that you are not allowed to know,” Richie laughed out as he looked over at me, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

“You can’t be serious Rich,” I said rolling my eyes when he just winked cheekily at me, then looked back at the icy road.

Our banter no longer continued when his car skidded across black ice and we started spinning.

It seemed to all go in slow motion.

The fearful look the breathtaking boy gave me,

The tears sliding down my cheeks,

And the awful, sickly twisting ache in my stomach.

It wasn’t until his car flew off the side of the road, when I shrieked in pure terror.

~End of Flashback~

“You okay?” Stan asked, worry laced in his voice.

“Yeah, I’m recherché,” Eddie stated quickly, pulling his jacket tightly

around his small frame and leaning back, trying to relax his shaking figure.

...

"Thanks for the ride, your friends are really nice and stuff," Eddie said, awkwardly shifting from his left foot to his right, then back to his left.

"Uh yeah, they're alright I suppose. Yours were cool too," Stan said, shyly looking at the boy's honey brown eyes.

"Do you like, wanna come in or something? We can have coffee or whatever," the nervous boy manages out through the awkward tension that has suddenly surrounded them.

"Yeah, alright," Stan replies, nodding along.

...

"Nice place," Stan says as he looks the small space.

"Thanks, sorry that it's a bit messy, I never really get around to cleaning it," Eddie says, softly laughing.

"It's quite alright, it's really hard to get anything done when you have about 30 pounds of coursework to get through." He states, nodding understandably.

"That, and because I'm just extremely lazy," the younger boy retorts in a joking tone.

The two share a laugh at that, Eddie silently sighs in relief when he realizes that the awkward cloud had been demolished.

"I'll get started on that coffee, you can make yourself at home," He rushed out, smiling sugary sweet at the tall boy.

Once Stan nodded, Eddie hurriedly strides to his small kitchen and starts a pot of strong, black coffee.

"You have exquisite music taste, Eddie." He heard Stan say as he brought their cups of steaming coffee into his small living area.

"Oh than-" He abruptly stops when he sees him looking through Richie's old record collection, the one that they had built up over the years, *together*.

"Oh I'm sorry, I didn't think you'd mind considering they were just laying out," Stan rushes out while he's quickly putting the one he had in his hand back with the others.

"No! It's not that, I just, th-they were my ex's," Eddie stuttered out, cringing at the fact that Richie, his beautiful, factious Richie, is no longer his, his **ex**.

"Ah, I see, sorry if I brought up bad memories about her," he said, smiling apologetically at the small boy.

"Him," Eddie corrects him.

"Sorry, what?" he says, obviously taken aback at the boy's quick response.

"Him, um she was a *he*," Eddie stated simply.

"Oh, uh sorry, him," Stan says correcting himself, "Hope I didn't offend you or anything, I'm gay myself."

"It's okay. Now, how do you like your coffee?"

Notes for the Chapter:

Yay there's Chapter 2 and clearly i'm a sucker for suffering, but I hope you guys enjoyed <3

P.s. Stan and Eddie will probably not be a side pairing, but i still don't really know, tell me what

you think!

~

Outlandish; strange
Immensely; extremely
Frigid; cold, freezing
Buoyant; light (weight wise)
Astonishing; interesting
Recherché; good, great